

6 *Eng. Poetry vol. 62.*
ACADEMIC TRIFLES. *K*

A COLLECTION OF
POETICAL PIECES.

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Versus Inopes Rerum Nugæque.—
HOR.

By a GENTLEMAN of OXFORD.



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MDCCLXXVIII.

ACADEMIC TRIPLES

OF THE
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ACADEMIC TRIFLES.

P R O L O G U E.

Libellus loquitur.

I Who e'er while lock'd up in prison dark
Of a Bureau, (so critick laws ordain)
With *journals*, *letters*, speaking flimsy love,
With countless *bills* unpaid, vile manuscripts!
Long lay unknown to light and fame;—except
To gentle friends sometime with aukward grace
Presented, gentle friends, whose candid voice

B

(So

(So seem'd it to my fond believing fire)
 Ever pronounc'd " 'Twas good, twas passing good ;"—
 I now, escap'd from bondage vile, spring forth,
 In neatest *type* and finest *paper* cloath'd.—
 O ye ! that oft in evening's vacant hour
 Swarm in the coffee-room ; and sipping tea,
 In *news-papers* run o'er the vasty world ;
 Quick-glancing East or West as turns the page ;
 Whose critick-eyes with keenest vision mark
 The offspring of the brain, and with a word
 Fix a proud nation or poor author's fate :—
 With softer eye *good Sirs!* with gentler hand
 Regard me : let not your too hasty wrath
 Dash me ignobly on the dusty floor
 " Damning such stuff,"—and there, by muddy shoes
 Trampled and torn, to lie in foul disgrace :

Or,

Or, vended by the pound, in *chandler's* shops,
 With all the lumber of the press to live,
 Rotting, moth-eaten;—till in fated time
 A sacrifice to *butter, candles, cheese,*
 Such stuff!—I suffer maceration dire!—
 And yet, horrid to tell, more dreadful lot
 Awaits whom infamy has stamp'd accurst.
 These, who so late shone forth to public view,
 In windows of the purest glassy light;
 These, by most fearful doom, are slaves condemn'd,
 T' officiate in the dark, mysterious rites
 Of *Cloacina*:—O what tongue can tell,
 What thought conceive her realm of Chaos foul!
 Not mines and fulph'rous caverns fathomless,
 Deep cut in the dark bowels of the earth;
 Not fabled realms of Erebus and night,
 Where

Where howls Cocytus, and with waves of fire
 Rolls Phlegethon, beside whose flamy banks
 The furies rave, while hiss their snaky locks;—
 Not these, nor yet if ought more dread than these,
 May with the mansion dark and foul compare
 Of Cloacina; this th' appointed place
 For those accursed children of the press,
 Who utter nonsense, speak the jest obscene;
 Who breathe of envy, malice; and distain
 The man of lettered worth, the honest man,
 By wit illiberal, or by specious shew
 Of candour;—this the rightful place for those;
 Who, under fair pretence of simple truth,
 Confound all truth;—then laugh and call men fools.

But gentle Reader, nought of these I trust
 Stains the fair bosom of this page. It aims

But with some simple strokes, some lighter vein
Of fancy wild to fill the vacant hour.

'Tis true no fav'ring muses at the birth
Of my poor fire were seen to genial smile,
Of Helicon one glass,—Ah! wight unblest'd—
He never tasted, never did he sleep
On fam'd Parnassus thought-inspiring mount:
The *feather-bed* in mornings drowsy hour,
Or *punch*, or *port*, with friends of liberal mind,
These serv'd for Helicon, and Parnass' mount
These were his muses, these inspir'd his song.

C

A REMON-

But

A
R E M O N S T R A N C E
F O R
A N E W G O W N.

A*Raff! a Raff!—by heavens I like it not;—
It is a sound with foul discordance jars
Mine ear, and honour flushing o'er my cheek
Disdains it.—Yet, good Sire! behold, mark well
These streaming tatters, sport of wanton winds.—
And *this* my academic pride, the stamp
Affixing lettered worth!—(haply at least
To strangers gazing eye; or brainless boor

Or

* A word of particular ignominy in the University, applied to dress or (behaviour.)

Or citizen, his sense suffus'd in smog:
 Whence forming thoughts alert, and pleasing dreams
 Of GENIUS, BENEFICES, BISHOPRICK
 Sublime, the first sweet pledge of plighted love
 Is doom'd, (toward youth,) to University.
 Emblem of tutor'd soul! how fall'n; alas!
 What will not Time insatiate consume!—
 O goodly ornament, how did my heart
 Beat extacy, when first with flowing sweep
 Thou deckedst me elate: with conscious joy
 I mov'd in loftier gate, tow'ring of soul
 And elevate, howe'er bestint of size.
 Exulting thus I triumph'd, while my tuft
 Nodding commanded awe:—but, sad to tell,
 Nor oft had pass'd revolving moons, when lo!
 For genuine *black* I sensibly espied

A tinge

A tinge of *rufset* hue, suffusing where
 My *club* had play'd, oft as in airy mood
 My vacant head, like weathercock, had turn'd.
 Then too the furrowing seams, what foul mischance
 Had caus'd, gashing in gaping rents, mine eye
 Caught fascinated——harrow'd at the sight
 I stand all motionless—then starting wild,
 While shame and anger, each, depress, inflame,
 I curse,—venting in rich profusion, till
 Oppress'd with woe, I lay me down and sigh.—
 Now fall'n in spirit, hating alike to see,
 Or to be seen, sneaking I fleet along
Bat-like: as him too wait till friendly eve
 Conceal in shadowy veil the world and me.
 When business drags me into hated light,
 Lanes private, unfrequented, dark bye-paths,

Where

Where not a ray of Phœbus smiles, I search
 Affiduous.—Should a friend but meet me, straight
 Methinks he shakes his head, or else aſkance
 Eyes me with diſtant look.—“ What tinder robe
 “ Bedecks yon wretch” I hear, or ſeem to hear
 Sir Fopling cry.—To crown my woe, what nymph,
 Flutt’ring along in all the luxury
 Of drefs, but ſcorns, with killing glance, the beau
 In rags!—too much to bear—too much—and ſtill
 Good fire, ſo patient of intreaty, ſtill
 Obdurate, liſtleſs to my complaints, ſtill plead
 In deadly long harangue I know not what
 Of taxes vaſt, hard times, proviſion dear?—
 Away ſuch ſtuff, hard of digeſtion, crude;—
 I yet alternate vex’d with rage and ſhame
 Remain.—Thus when *Quartana* fell, affails,

D

Now

Now now she shoots convulsive thro' each vein,
Boils, rages, foams—and now again reverse
In chilling horrors slowly, scarcely creeps;
The shiv'ring soul sinks nerveless, spiritless,
Nor hardly life retains, nor wishes to retain.



O D E to W I N T E R.

TH E fairy scenes of bounteous-handed Spring,
And Summer's smile, and Autumn's golden fields
Are gradually fled; and now
The hoary-headed fire
Steals on at chilly morn and eve, with stole
In mists all bath'd, and feet all white with frosts;
And his stern reign obey
Commands the fighting hours.

Farewell

Farewell the joys that claim'd the vacant hour
 Smil'd when the softer year;—or rural walk,
 Cool fountain, or smooth fall,
 On classic Isis wave,

Yet, yet lov'd Autumn, on some misted hill
 At eve's dim hour, O let me thy last breath
 Catch, and sad bid adieu
 Thy charms that once so fair;

E'er now the hous'd traveller shiv'ring tells
 Of threat'ning Winter—blasts from naked trees
 The landscape's sickening bloom,
 With fields all drown'd in floods:

E'er

E'er yet with politicians, zealous, deep
The coffee-house murmurs, or at play-house still
Varies each listening face
As rules each fitter-power.

O Winter! tho' e'er fierce with angry storm
Thy wild tempestuous soul, the bitt'rest foe
To each fair grace, whose charms
Smile on the youthful Spring;

Yet when emblazes gay thy loaded hearth,
And warms the loud-tongued room; when Humour tells,
Solemn his look, his tale,
And bursts the hearty laugh;

E

O then,

O then, tho' all thy madding tempests shake

My little dome, not all the pageant pomp

Of Summer's proudest day

My social foul could charm.

Now jilting cards usurp the evening hours

Teazing the anxious mind; and Bacchus now

Leaps wanton from the cask,

And bumpered goblets smile.

But wine-flush'd thought, and poisonous pleasure hence!

With tott'ring step, and eyes of giddy sight,

Far fly my temperate roof

And reel to bagnios foul.

Ye sober joys and modest pleasures ; blefs

My winter's eve ; the while no foot is heard

To print the crumpling snow,

Wide-whitening to the eye.

And all ye souls, not, as the season, rude,

But softer form'd ; come, and with converse sweet,

With learning grac'd with ease,

And attic wit refin'd,

Instruct, enchant the philosophic hour.

But chief, O power of song, let those lov'd lays

By nature's * poet breath'd,

Fill all my passion'd soul.

And

* Thompson.

And oh! if e'er thy smile creative woo'd
Thy votary warm; O bid one living ray
Smile on the happier verse,
And give the genuine bard.



O D E to S L E E P.

O Gentle Sleep! Shall the rude voice
Of sober dulness, whose cold thought
Muses on golden dross and vulgar joys,
Shall such rude voice condemn thy peaceful reign!

What though, before the bright-hair'd morn
In glory walks the Eastern hills,
Swift from his bed of care the poor-rich man
Starts, and renews the drudge of each dull day;

F

Shall

Shall I, lov'd sleep, whose idle thought
 E'er loves the airy wilds to roam
 Of fancy, shall I blame thine opiate power,
 And burst thy filken bands, and fly from peace?

No gentle sleep! the while the world
 Renews at earliest morn the toil
 Of empty cares—then I on down diffus'd
 With thee will pass the hours in visions fair.

How sweet when Winter's fleecy snows
 From the low clouds steal silent, soft,
 And whiten the cold earth, that bloom'd so late
 Hill, vale, and grove in liveliest green array'd;

How

How sweet to ope my heavy eyes
 And thro' the window glaz'd to view
 The fleecy snows, the whiten'd earth—then blest my couch,
 And steal again to rest, and gentle dreams.

For fancy wild, that never sleeps,
 To sunny climes, to streams and shades
 Wanton shall fly; where breathes its airy tones
 The Æolian harp, by zephyrs lightly fann'd,

Where golden fruits and purple wines
 Glow to the eye; where Delia's form
 Shall brighten thro' the grove, like those soft powers
 Wood-nymph or goddess, or like that first fair,

Eve,

Eve,—who in Eden's hallow'd bowers

The Father of Mankind encharm'd.

Instant I fly, all fir'd, to those white arms,

To that white breast of love;—with tenderest voice

What though she chide each wanton kiss

And murmur anger in sweet sighs;—

Yet shall her yielding charms with happiest joy

Bless my warm vows, my fondest wishes bless.

S O N N E T.*

YES angel pure! when night's dark hour
 Inspires the soul with awful thought;

When Fancy paints some fairy dream
 Of ghostly forms that haunt their earthly home;

O then my startling eye shall meet
 Thy spirit blest; thy parent smile
 Again shall warm my fluttering soul,
 And thy fond voice again shall melt my heart.

G

Blest

* A superior artist will sometimes condescend to exert his talent upon the most trifling subject. Dr. P. HAYES, Musical Professor at Oxford, has in the same manner honour'd this little piece. To him therefore, with some degree of propriety, but more as some expression of gratitude for favors not easily forgotten---the Author begs leave to inscribe this Sonnet.

Blest shade! if yet to thee belongs
 To touch my soul with secret charm;
 Fill it with all those graces dear
 Which beam'd in fairest lustre o'er thy mind;

Then lov'd of heav'n, in humble hope
 Like thee I'll sink to holy earth
 With thee will wait for that high morn
 When springs the light of God's eternal day.

SONNET.

S O N N E T.

SAY gentle power! from whose fair eyes
Beam trembling hopes and pleasures pure,

Say will no melting maid, with tender smile
Bless my warm vow, and calm my soul to peace?

Will no fair morn, whose golden light

Wakes the young Spring, will no fair morn

Call Hymen from the bower where myrtles bloom

And yield to my fond arms the maid of love?

Ah no—for me no golden light
 Wakes Hymen's laughing morn, no maid of love
 Sinks in my arms with tender eyes;
 Unblest'd, unmourn'd in sorrow do I live,
 And hope, and pleasures pure, forsake my sickening soul.



HORACE.

H O R A C E. Ode 32. Book 1.

T O T H E L Y R E.

I F e'er the laurel shade beneath,
Blest with soft ease, I touch'd thy strings,
Calling such magic strains as future times
Might hear encharm'd—O come imperial lyre,

Fill with thy force the Roman song;
As when e'erwhile the Lesbian chief,
Form'd or for arms or arts, first knew thy powers,
First touch'd thee with the hand of harmony,

H

While

While, or amidst the tented plain,
Or on some sea-beat shore safe moor'd
From oceans storm; the rosy god he sung,
And every hallow'd muse and beauty's queen;
Nor yet un Sung the wanton boy,
Her fix'd attendant, nor the youth
Lycus, with ebon locks, and eyes of love.
O thou, the glory of the god of song,

Imperial lyre! whose charming voice
Sounds 'mid the banquets of high Jove,
O soother soft of woe, propitious hear,
And e'er, when due invok'd, my call obey.

HORACE.

H O R A C E. Ode 17. Book 1.

AN INVITATION TO TYNDARIS.

FAUNUS, the rural power, o'er streams and shades
Who gentle reigns, dear loves Lyceus mount,

Arcadian ; yet ofttime the god,

For lov'd Lyceus, courts the hills

Of fair Lucretilis, and my soft flock

Guards from wet winds and Summer's fiery fun.

Free ranging thro' the peaceful grove,—

Sweet thyme they cull ; and each sweet shrub

That

That latent lies: nor Martian wolf, nor snake
 Green spotted dread. Perchance adown the vale,
 And o'er yon smooth rock, where high nods
 Ustica, Faunus oaten pipe

Echoes the past'ral song. Thus blest of heav'n,
 My gentle life I lead, and sacred powers
 Watch over me; belov'd my muse,
 My humble piety belov'd.

Come then, O mind of beauty, for to thee
 Our rural wealth, fair flowers, and nectar'd fruits,
 Lavish shall flow; whate'er with smile
 Plenty from her rich horn free pours.

Here 'mid the shades that darken the lone vale,
Deep hid from burning suns, thy fingers light
In melting sounds the Teian lyre
Shall wake, and sing the rival nymphs,

Penelope, and her with magic arts,
With beauties magic charms, so false and fair.
Here Lesbian wines, innoxious, pure,
Crowning the board, shall tempt thy taste.

Nor fear lest Bacchus stain his festal rite
With wild uproar and quarrel; nor yet dread
Lest the hot-blooded Cyrus dare,
(By envy stung and mean revenge)

Disturb the genial hour—with ruffian hand
Tearing the rosy crown from thy fair locks ;
Nor sparing e'en th' unconscious robe
That floats upon thy graceful form.



O D E.

“ **A**ND still must beauty's fairy charm
“ Breathe o'er my soul its wanton fires,

“ Still passion wake the soft alarm

“ Of trembling hopes and wild desires?—

“ O fly thou dear-deluding dream

“ O hence ye scenes to fancy dear!

“ No more I'll muse the love-lorn theme

“ No more I'll shed the pensive tear.

“ Free

“ Free as the light-wing’d airs of May
“ That wanton kiss each rosy sweet,
“ I’ll laugh the moments wild away
“ And court loose pleasures glittering feat.

“ The song, the dance, and Bacchus smile
“ Shall give to joy the melting hour,
“ Nor more shall love with secret guile
“ Win a soft soul to beauty’s power.

Thus spoke the heart from passion free,
And wak’d my soul to fancied joy;
Hail once again lost liberty,
I dread no more the Idelian boy!—

Ah

Ah me!—poor, weak, unguarded heart,
I feel return the sickening pain;
Yet, yet again the magic dart
Strikes with new force each throbbing vein.

And once again all fad and flow
I wander thro' the moon-light grove,
And strive to charm away my woe
While echoes wild my lute of love.

“ Go gentle lute, with softest air
“ Breathe pity o'er my Delia's breast;
“ Thy sound shall melt the passion'd fair
“ Her smile of love shall crown me blest.

" Go gentle lute, for Venus kind

" Bids her wing'd boy thy music swell;

" Then happier ton'd breathe all my woe,

" And all thy master's sorrows tell.

" And sure the maid, whose tender eye

" Smiles as the dewy star of eve,

" Shall yield to love's soft harmony,

" And all my fondest vows believe.

" Come, golden hours, to fancy dear,

" Come hours, by love and Delia blest,

" Then let me love each idle fear

" When folded to her snowy breast.

" O when

" O when or care, or sickness pale,
" Forbid sweet sleep to bless the night,
" What joy to hear her tender tale
" Charm each long hour till morning light.

" And when the ghastly form of death
" Shall swim before these mournful eyes ;
" And round the heart my latest breath
" Heaves, painful heaves long, lab'ring sighs ;

" O then her voice of love divine,
" Shall sooth to peace my trembling breast,
" And patient I the world resign,
" In life with love and Delia blest.

F I N I S.

O when at ease or looking pale,

Thou'ldst sweet sleep to bless the night,

What joy to hear her tender voice

Chime each long hour of morning light.

And when the ghastly form of death

Shall swim before thee mournful eyes

And round the faint up-lifted breath

Thy weak, faint heart be long

O then her voice of love divine

Shall loom to grace my life

And patient I the world will be

And I will love and I will be

W I L

